

# Punch's Almanack for 1888

Will be Published very early in December. Price 3d.



PRICE THREE PENCE.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

|                                     |   |   |                      |
|-------------------------------------|---|---|----------------------|
| Illustrated<br>Volumes<br>Now Ready | MR. PUNCH'S VICTORIAN ERA.<br>A'BECKETT'S COMIC BLACKSTONE.<br>JOHN LEECH'S PICTURES. | Vol. I.<br>312 Cartoons.<br>FURNISS'S<br>ILLUSTRATIONS.<br>Vols.<br>I. and II. Each | 13/6<br>12/6<br>10/6 |
|-------------------------------------|---|---|----------------------|

On November 15 will be Published,  
Vol. I, small 4to, cloth, gilt top, 1s. 6d.  
**THE HENRY IRVING  
SHAKESPEARE.**

Edited by  
**HENRY IRVING** and **FRANK A. MARSHALL**,  
and Illustrated by  
**GORDON BROWNE**.  
Prospectus, Post Free, on application.  
**BLACKIE & SON**, 49 and 50, Old Bailey.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"MEHALAH," &c.  
At all the Libraries, in 2 vols., post free.

**THE GAVE ROCKS.**  
By the Author of "Mehalah," "John  
Herring," "Court Royal," &c.  
London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 18, Walcot Place.

**TO STOUT PEOPLE.**

SUNDAY TIMES says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to  
BRADDOCK, to cure the disease, and that his treat-  
ment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The  
medicine he prescribes does not lower, but builds  
up and tones the system. It can be taken with  
rest and note how to pleasantly and rapidly  
lose weight. Average reduction in first week is 2 lbs.,  
post free 5 stamps.

F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House,  
Streets, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

**THE STANDARD  
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**

ESTABLISHED 1825.

Accumulated Fund, 6½ Millions Stg.

FOR PROTECTION

& INVESTMENT



EDINBURGH, 3 George St. (Head Office)  
LONDON, 80 King William Street, E.C.  
8 Pall Mall East, S.W.  
" 68 Upper Sackville Street.  
Branches & Agencies in India & the Colonies.

**PUMILINE** The pure Extract of SNOW-  
GROWN PUMILIO, 100% Extract, by  
Eminent Physicians as the effective and enduring  
remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Throat and Chest  
Affections. Used in Pine Treatment at the Hydro-  
Therapeutic Establishment, Barnborough, M'ntain,  
in the same way as at Homberg, Baden-Baden,  
Leipzig, &c. Price 1s. 6d. per bottle, giving  
the effect of everybody's own home. Prices—Extract,  
2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.; Extract for Bath, 1s. 6d. per bottle.  
From all Chemists, and from  
G. & G. STEWART, 11, Billiter Square, E.C.  
Pamphlet Post Free on application.

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**

In consequence of Imitations of  
**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**,  
which are calculated to deceive the Public,  
Lea & Perrins beg to draw attention to the fact that  
each bottle of the Original and Genuine  
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

bears their signature, thus—

*Lea & Perrins*

Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester,  
CROSS & BLACKWELL, London; and Export Agents  
generally.  
Retail by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.

**SCHERING'S  
PEPSINE  
ESSENCE.**

"The best of all digestive agents."—  
British Medical Journal.

THE NATURAL TONIC AND NATURE'S  
RESTORER OF VIGOROUS DIGESTION.

**SCHERING'S  
PURE EXTRACT OF MALT,**  
1s. per Bottle.  
Of all Chemists and Druggists.

Possessing all the Properties of the Finest Arrowroot,  
**BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR**  
Is a Household Requisite of Constant Utility.

NOTE.—Purchasers should insist on being supplied with **BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR**. Inferior kinds, asserting fictitious claims, are being offered for the sake of extra profit.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE.

FOR CONSTIPATION,  
Haemorrhoids, Bile, Loss of Appetite,  
Gastric and Intestinal  
troubles, Headache  
arising from them.

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.**  
E. GRILLON, 69, Queen Street, City, London.  
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. A BOX.

**SAMUEL BROTHERS.**



SAMUEL BROTHERS,  
MERCHANT TAILORS, OUTFITTERS, &c.,  
65 & 67, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.

**DECORATE  
YOUR HOMES!**

The beauty of Stained Glass in every house  
can be enjoyed by using McCaw, Stevenson &  
Orr's Patent

**GLACIER**

**WINDOW DECORATION,**

It can be applied to any window by any person  
without previous experience in the use of the article.  
Invaluable where there are windows with disagreeable

Write for Illustrated Pamphlet (20 Illustrations) and  
Sample, post free, One Shilling, from the Manufacturers,  
McCaw, STEVENSON & ORR, Linenhall  
Works, Belfast; or to PERRY & CO. Wholesale  
Agents, Holborn Viaduct, London.

**LAIRITZ'S  
CELEBRATED  
COUT-RHEUMATIC  
REMEDIOS & PREVENTITIVES  
WOOL FLANNELS  
UNDERCLOTHING  
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND  
REMEDIAL PREPARATIONS**

LAIRITZ'S PINE-WOOL OIL, WADDINGS,  
SOAP, BATH EXTRACTS, &c.  
Sold by all Houses, Drapers, Chemists, &c. Chief  
Depot (Wholesale), WATER, MANCHESTER & CO., 16,  
Cheapside, E.C. CAUTION.—None genuine except  
with Trade-Mark Pine Tree and Signature.

**STREETERS'**

**DIAMOND ORNAMENTS,**

LONDON MADE, WHITE AND MODERN CUT,

From £5 to £5,000 (pounds).

BOND STREET, No. 18, W.

**RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS,  
ARMS, CREST AND ADDRESS**

ENGRAVED AS GEMS,  
from Original and Artistic Designs  
NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES  
Stamped in Color Relief and Illuminated by  
Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Colors.

All the New and Fashionable Note Paper  
HERALDIC ENGRAVINGS, PAINTINGS, & ILLUSTRATIONS  
WRITING CARD PLATE,  
Elegantly Engraved and Expertly Colored  
printed for us.

**RODRIGUES, 42, Piccadilly.**

**OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL**

ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL  
FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM.

**DR. PAGET**, Surgeon Dentist

445, STRAND (Facing Charing Cross Station).  
Dr. PAGET's American method of FIXING TEETH  
without PLATES or PALATES, &c., explained  
in the Illustrated Pamphlet, sent post free.

**ROSES**

Well rooted, many branched, truly natural, of most  
vigorous growth, and of the best kinds. 1s. 6d.  
per doz., 6s. per 100. Standards, 1s. 6d. per  
100. Packing and Carriage Free to be  
paid with Order.

THESE WORLD-FAMED ROSES CANNOT FAIL  
TO GIVE THE GREATEST SATISFACTION.

DESCRIBING LISTS of above and following  
varieties.—  
PINEAPPLE.—PINEAPPLE.—EVAGREE.—FERN-  
LEAF.—THISTLE.—CAT.—LAVENDER.—  
LACE.—ROSE.—WILLOW.—BIRCH.—  
CROCUS.—ALPINE PLANTS (a good selection, &  
price, 2s. per 100). VINES (3s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.). HERBS  
GREENHOUSE PLANTS, FOREST TREES, SEEDS, BULBS, &c.

**RICHARD SMITH & CO.**  
WORCESTER.



"Music is not industry."—Do not make  
entertainment a business, because it is a  
game of scoring points used for all cleaning purposes.  
Quick-witted people use napkins, but themselves  
folks have the hardest work. Clean Paint, Metal  
Oil-cloths, Metals, Bath-tubs, Kitchen Utensils,  
Lavatories, &c. Send for our full-size catalogues  
and sample of Spec. of sizes made by KENNAH  
Sons' Co., 31, Snow Hill, E.C.

EVERY REQUISITE  
FOR THE  
STABLE  
and  
HARNESS ROOM  
TO BE SEEN AT  
TRADE MARK  
MARTINGALE'S, 194, Piccadilly (Prince's Hall).

**PERRY DAVIS'  
VEGETABLE  
PAIN-KILLER**

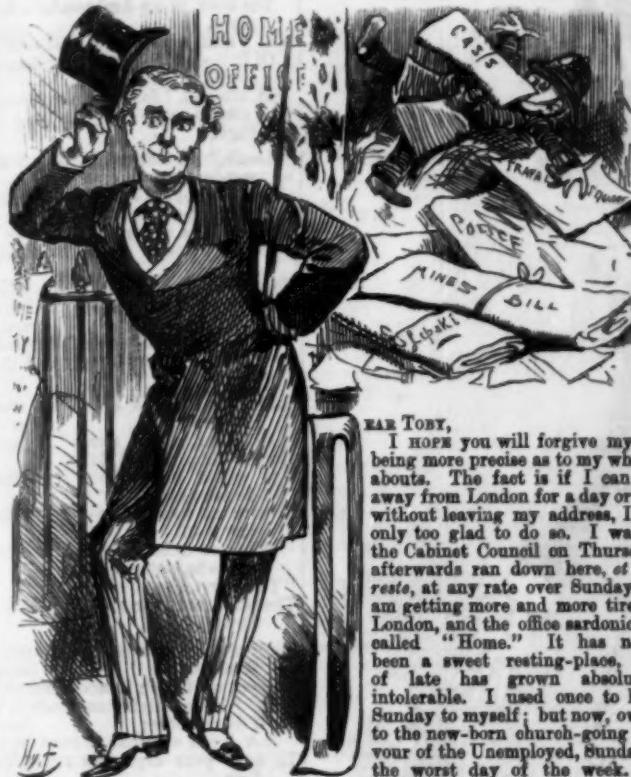
Get a bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN  
KILLER, the Old and Best, and most whisky-like  
Vegetable Pain-killer in the World. It instantly Relieves  
and Cures Severe Scalds, Burns, Sprains,  
Tooth-aches, Headache, Palms, &c., and all  
Limbs, and all Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains.  
Any Chemist can supply it at 1/4d. and 2d. per bottle.

**Dr. Ridge's Food.**

## THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM A HOME-SICK SECRETARY.

By Guildford, Saturday.



EAR TONY,

I HOPE you will forgive my not being more precise as to my whereabouts. The fact is if I can get away from London for a day or two without leaving my address, I am only too glad to do so. I was at the Cabinet Council on Thursday, afterwards ran down here, *et j'y reste*, at any rate over Sunday. I am getting more and more tired of London, and the office sardonically called "Home." It has never been a sweet resting-place, and of late has grown absolutely intolerable. I used once to have Sunday to myself; but now, owing to the new-born church-going fervour of the Unemployed, Sunday is the worst day of the week. So when opportunity offers, as just now, I cut the whole business and get me into the sweet seclusion of Surrey.

I see by the papers that I am about to resign office, and retire into that private life, upon which during the past twelve months I have looked back with increasing affection. Perhaps the statement is true, and perhaps the Markiss would say it is "not authentic." We shall see. In the mean time, at this distance from Parliament Street, I get the advantage of perspective in regarding the office of Home Secretary. Down here it seems odd enough that it should be so much hankered after by men of various temperaments. H-NY J-M-S wanted it at the time H-NC-NR secured it. It had a strange fascination for L-W, and I am disclosing no secret when I mention that my old friend and patron, GR-ND-LPH, fancies it would suit him down to the ground. I only wish he would try it. If I were certain that he would come in, it might have some effect in hastening my decision on the question of resignation. Of course GR-ND-LPH and I remain on terms of friendliest regard. I am indebted to him for a sudden promotion exceeding the hopes of the most sanguine politician. Still, I would like to see him at the Home Office, if only for a short six months. He is serenely confident he could grapple with the situation. JOHNNY RUSSELL was quite a nervous, modest person, compared with GR-ND-LPH. I should really like to see my old friend in my old chair.

The post, of course, has its attractions. It is no small thing to be principal Secretary of State, with a seat in the Cabinet, and an adequate salary. But, to tell the truth, dear Tony, the Home Secretary lives too near the People to have an uninterrupted pleasure time. He is too close to, and too frequently under, the public eye. It is like working in a glass hive. A Foreign Secretary labours in secret in the Samoan Islands, or some equally remote quarter, and months elapse before the publication of the Blue Book places his labour under the criticism of the public. The Secretary for the Colonies works under similar conditions, whilst the First Lord of the Admiralty and the War Secretary, except upon rare occasions, have only their respective Services to deal with.

But the Home Secretary is, necessarily, always at home to impudent lookers-in, or idle callers who have not sufficient business of their own to attend to. If anything goes wrong with the water or the gas, if a country Magistrate makes a more than usually particular ass of himself, if a policeman arrests the wrong woman in Regent Street, if there is a procession through the parks or a meeting in Trafalgar Square, it's ever the Home Secretary that is wrathfully turned to for explanation. When things go well with London or the Provinces, you never hear the Home Secretary's name mentioned. The condition of

affairs may be due to his admirable administration, but there is no recognition of his agency. On the other hand, if the least thing connected with his department goes wrong, he is held personally responsible, and the fiendish newspapers fall upon him.

That is my experience after a little more than twelve months in office, and if I am a little wearied of it who shall blame me? Why should I remain the butt of all the captious critics throughout the country? I have no hour, except these stolen ones, that I can call my own. All the pleasures and recreations of private life are swallowed up in official cares. Why should I longer submit to be engulfed in this state of slavery? I am not in the absolute prime of youth; but still, as we Statesmen go, I am not old. For example, I have seen but two summers more than that elderly young beau, H-NY J-M-S. Someone once said of me, that for my recorded age, I had the youngest-looking body in the House of Commons. That is a subtle distinction, the value of which I cannot grasp. I know that I have been a buck in my time, and if I only get my time to myself once more, I may again become as ornamental as I am now useful. I will think it over, and probably in the course of the next few weeks you may hear what resolution I have taken.

Yours faithfully, H-NY M-TH-W.

## A BLACK AFFAIR AT HAYTI.

THE Foreign Office, whether represented by Lord SALISBURY or Lord ROSEBERY,—two "berries," so that we are to judge of the worth of our Foreign Office by its berries, not by its fruits,—ought to be hauled over the coals—the victim's name being suggestive of this process—by the British Public. Mr. COLES was innocent of the charge brought against him, was convicted in the face of evidence; and as there was no one to screen COLES, poor COLES—COLES down again!—was shovelled into a black hole, which was, *pro tem.*, a COLES cellar. After sixteen months of Haytian bonds, and being kept in durance by Haytian Black Guards, the energy of the British F.O. obtained for the unfortunate prisoner a free pardon! But no further redress, except the offer of £500, which COLES couldn't be "cokes'd" into accepting. Now this matter of Hayti and COLES is a very black affair. What is going to be done? Do we leave COLES and scuttle? Surely so gross a wrong perpetrated in Hayti ought to have been put right in Hayti—seven.

THE MOST LITIGIOUS PERSON ON RECORD.—The man who had all his invitations properly stamped at Somerset House, and then brought an action against his hosts for breach of agreement if a dinner happened to be put off.

## "MUMPSIMUS!"



Reminiscence of a celebrated and highly popular picture, adapted to the painful circumstance announced last week by *Truth*; namely, that the Chorister Boys at a certain Cathedral have all got the Mumps.

## HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE CAFÉ DES AMBASSADEURS.



OWEN MEREDITH, ALIAS LORD LYTTON, TRANSLATED INTO FRENCH.

*Lord Lyttelton sings:—*

*LOVE'S Metamorphoses I sang of late,  
" My Unglenaverilled Glenaveril "  
Puzzled the Public's unpoetic pate.  
Wit, like my sire's imaginary *Vril*,  
Is thaumaturgic. I have served the State  
In various ways with elegance and skill;  
But my "last Metamorphosis," I opine,  
Out of Glenaveril's wholly takes the shine.*

From "OWEN MEREDITH," of Servian song, [this! Translator (who said through the French?) to The course, like my Serb falcon's flight, is long. The proletariat possibly may hiss. I scorn the anserine Gladstonian throng, Whose mouthpiece is the *Gaily Dees*. I wis That nickname shows a polish and a fire Of wit well worthy my prodigious Sire.

When I wrote *Aux Italiens* long ago  
(And *Trovatore* rhymed with purgatory)

I little thought Paris one day should know

The bard in an Ambassador's full glory.

Ah! I shall miss the Oriental show  
Of Ind—but that is scarce a pleasant story,

And, after all, I fancy that my *Chérie*  
Had always, more or less, a touch of Paris.

"Lucile," for instance! Well, I've wandered far  
From my old *Wanderer* days; *tant mieux*, perchance.

Better to be a diplomatic star  
Than a poetic shade. Beloved France,

To apo thy *jeunesse dorée* will not jar  
Upon my spirit, which is all romance:

I love the blend of the sublime and  
Of chivalry, choice cookery, and the cynical.

CHAMBERLAIN—did I dub him once  
a scold, [wrong—

A leaner, later *Casca*? I was  
Is off to Canada, and BALBO bold  
(I called him bilious once, but 'twas in song)

Is with us now, I hope the league  
may hold.

Who now dubs JOSEPH—though of course he's strong—

"The secret despot of a Cabinet,  
That dare not disregard his faintest threat?"

Forgive the thought, CECILIA!  
Whether JON [more

Has put his foot in it, and bowed still  
Your "large Olympian forehead,"

I don't know; [bore  
But I can see that it must be a To have your diplomats run wild.

I go  
With other purpose to a nearer shore; [win,  
And soon I hope your confidence to And prove no ass, though in the Lyons' skin!

THE "Wild West" finished up rather tamely. Lord LORNE and others, with, we presume, the Honourable BUFFALO BILL CODY, palavered about an International Arbitration Court. If the Hon. and Rev. BILL—"Reverend" because, as he tells us, he once performed the part of a clergyman and married a couple, pronouncing a formula which, being a close parody on the words of the solemn rite, need not be repeated here, though they evidently struck him as a bright idea.—has anything to do with it, we shall hear of the rules of this new Court (not Earl's Court) being at once codified.

RESTITUTION WITH RESIGNATION.—M. WILSON gave up 40,000 francs' worth of postage. Will M. GREVY give up the post altogether?

ANOTHER MOTTO FOR AUGUSTUS DREDGOLANCE.—He does not say, "Peace with Honour," but "Peace with MERRITT."

"THE ROUGH ELEMENT"—last week, was—the Sea.

## Jenny Lind.

Born at Stockholm, October 6, 1821. Married Herr Otto Goldschmidt, February 5, 1852. Died, November 2, 1887.

"She never lost her interest in the two chief objects of her life, music and charity."—*Times*.

MUSIC and CHARITY! Of all things mortal,

What sweeteners of our lives may match these twain? What draweth hearts nearer the heavenly portal Than mercy's impulse, melody's moving strain?

Well chosen, singer sweet!

Great gifts, and the large love of giving meet, Well harmonised in JENNY LIND's career; These made her life delight, these make her memory dear.

Punch, of well-fitting phrases ready minter, Christened his favourite forty years ago; Hailed as "The Nightingale that Sings in Winter," \* The Swedish songstress whom the voice of woe

Moved ever, as her own

Moved the applauding multitude; alone, Amidst the stars of Opera's tuneful quire, To succour ever prompt as potent to inspire!

"Dear JENNY LIND!" So then his song addressed her Who still is "JENNY LIND," and still is dear. Though Genius praised, and Fashion's crowd caressed her, She sank not, like some stars, below her sphere

Into those darkening mists

Whose taint the true and tender heart resists. Her nature fame was powerless to soil, [spoil. Whom splendour hardened not, and puffery could not How the crowd rushed and crushed, and cheered and Forty years syne, to hang upon her song! [clamoured, Of *La Sonnambula*'s heroine enamoured, Thrilled by the flute-like trillings sweet as strong

Of their dear Nightingale.

*Amina, Lucia, Alice*, each they'd hail With fervent plaudits, in whose flush and stir Love of her silvery song was blent with love of her.

And each well earned! The crowd would press and jostle To hear their favourite warbler, from whose throat, Clear as the lark, and mellow as the thrush, The limpid melody would soar and float.

Now like a shattered lute,

The Nightingale who sang in winter's mute; But long remembered that pure life shall be, To Music dedicate and vowed to Charity.

\* See *Punch*, Vol. XVI., p. 15.



## "THE LABOUR MARKET."

*First East Countryman.* "SHALL YEAO VOOTE FOR THE DIS'TABLISHMENT O' TH' CHU'CH?"

*Second Ditto (firmly).* "NO; THAR I 'ON'T, BO! WORK'S SCASS KNOW AS 'T IS—BUT IF WE WAS TO HEV ALL THEM PARSONS TU'NNED OUT, AN' GOIN' 'ROUT PLOUGHIN', AN' HEDGIN', AN' MOWIN', AN' HARVESTIN', WE SHOULD BE WUSS OFF THAN WE ARE NOW!"

## THE FISHERS.

(Some way after Kingsley.)

THE Fishers went sailing North, South, East, and West,

And they raised lots o' rows ere the sun went down.

Each fancied the foreigners' waters the best,

And wished in those waters to let his nets down.

And Commissions must work and Statesmen must weep,

And weary with trying the peace for to keep,

Whilst the Public heart is groaning.

The Smack-owners rush to Lord SALISBURY's side,

And genial JOSEPH 'n' to Canada gone;

And the end of this selfishness, temper, and pride,

Will be a great big all-round fight ere all's done,

Unless men will try their hot tempers to keep,

And establish some rule of fair-play on the deep,

For which honest hearts are all moaning.

POLITICAL SEPULTURE.—The Senior Member for Northampton lately told his constituents that:—

"The Conservatives were digging their own graves, and it was about the only good and sensible thing they possibly could do."

But if they wanted an interment, the Home-Rulers could supply them with a SEXTON ready and willing to save them that trouble.

"THE SCARCITY OF HARES."—It is so stated. But it's only a bald statement.

LETTIS' DIARIES.—There are two sorts of Lettis: The Out-Lettis for 1887, and the In-Lettis for 1888. Lettis get 'em.

WE see a book advertised by MESSRS. KEAN, PAUL & CO., called *Tertium Quid*. Ask an Eton Boy, about Christmas time, or when he is going back to school, what is the translation of *Tertium Quid*, and he will probably hold out his hand and reply, "The third sovereign—but I'll take one to go on with, or to go off with." Well, you can "owe him one" for that.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The person who ought to write a weird Christmas story is, evidently, the Author of *Boots' Baby, That Imp!* &c., JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW LORD MAYOR.—"Aut Keyser aut nullus."

## SHOWS VIEWS.

By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.

LAST week was remarkable for a number of *Matinées*. There were two, each with a new Play, at the Vandeville, in preparation apparently for the disappearance of *Sophia*. The Author of one of the pieces was, I fancy, Mr. JONES (the name fixed itself on my memory), but I am not quite so sure about the others. I rather think the first play was written in collaboration possibly by Messrs. BROWN and ROBINSON to complete the immortal *trio*. However, the morning performance *par excellence*, was the production of a new and original poetical drama in five Acts, called *Nitocris*, by CLO. GRAVES, at Drury Lane. This was really a very interesting occasion, as we were taken back to B.C. 1420, and I must admit that I too was rather taken aback when I found the Early Egyptians talking of the "Pharmacopeia," and many other matters of a yet more recent date. I supposed this was local colouring, and when I saw the "Banqueting Hall in the Palace," I felt sure that the Egyptian Court represented belonged to the Nineteenth Century, and could be easily discovered (either by season ticket or on payment of a shilling) in Sydenham. The Author supplies a note in the official programme, in which she informs the World that AMUN-MYKERA NITOGRIS was "handsome among women, and brave among men, and governed her husband with great splendour and much justice, though she is rebuked by several of the ancient historians for her cruelty and sensuality," and no doubt these facts have suggested the five long Acts of the more or less poetical play. What story there is shows how the adopted son of an apprentice to an Embalmer, after being left to die in the Palace of *Nitocris* for refusing to join in an unpatriotic toast, escapes, and twelve weeks later is lured back once more to the Royal realms to reject the suddenly-kindled love of the Egyptian Queen in favour of the affection of a Grecian orphan called *Soris*, who happens to be staying on a visit with her swarthy Majesty. Then *Soris* gets half-poisoned and entirely stabbed, and *Nitocris* and the Embalmer's Apprentice repair to a "stretch of desert in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids," to be drowned in an inundation which is much talked about but never seen. As the Embalmer's Apprentice, Mr. J. H. BARNES fostered the impression that he was either a very slow and dull pupil, or that the art of embalming had taken him a middle-aged lifetime to thoroughly acquire. In the last act he looked like a portly Friar of Orders Grey sadly in need of the fast rising Nile. Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN was good as a nigger *Quasimodo*, who apparently had nothing in particular to do save to murder Miss ALMA MURRAY when that popular young *tragédienne's* sottos became monotonous and required curtaining in the interests of the audience. Mr. FERNANDEZ too was useful as Chief of the Magi, and Mr. BERNARD GOULD's performance would have been more pleasing had he really died at the end of the Second Act, instead of living to see the final fall of the curtain. But this last was rather the Author's than the actor's fault. Personally I should have been better satisfied had every one died at the end of the First Act, but I confess I am a little exacting. On Wednesday, after the "principals" had been called and received more or less applause, there was a cry for the Author, when to my surprise a lady in a semi-masculine costume and seemingly in her "teens," made her way before the curtain. This was young "CLO,"—a most charming person to judge from her personal appearance. There was a further "call" when a gentleman of much maturer years was seen bowing. I do not know if he was also a "CLO,"—if so, he was unquestionably a much older "CLO"—in fact, quite an elderly "CLO." Ages ago a wonderful piece called *Nitocris* was played at Drury Lane for a few nights with moderate success. In it was represented an inundation, that, if it did not precisely resemble the waters of the rising Nile, at any rate was a capital realisation of green-coloured muslin sprinkled with spangles. I am afraid that young "CLO's" poetical play will not keep the stage much longer than its predecessor.



posed this was local colouring, and when I saw the "Banqueting Hall in the Palace," I felt sure that the Egyptian Court represented belonged to the Nineteenth Century, and could be easily discovered (either by season ticket or on payment of a shilling) in Sydenham. The Author supplies a note in the official programme, in which she informs the World that AMUN-MYKERA NITOGRIS was "handsome among women, and brave among men, and governed her husband with great splendour and much justice, though she is rebuked by several of the ancient historians for her cruelty and sensuality," and no doubt these facts have suggested the five long Acts of the more or less poetical play. What story there is shows how the adopted son of an apprentice to an Embalmer, after being left to die in the Palace of *Nitocris* for refusing to join in an unpatriotic toast, escapes, and twelve weeks later is lured back once more to the Royal realms to reject the suddenly-kindled love of the Egyptian Queen in favour of the affection of a Grecian orphan called *Soris*, who happens to be staying on a visit with her swarthy Majesty. Then *Soris* gets half-poisoned and entirely stabbed, and *Nitocris* and the Embalmer's Apprentice repair to a "stretch of desert in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids," to be drowned in an inundation which is much talked about but never seen. As the Embalmer's Apprentice, Mr. J. H. BARNES fostered the impression that he was either a very slow and dull pupil, or that the art of embalming had taken him a middle-aged lifetime to thoroughly acquire. In the last act he looked like a portly Friar of Orders Grey sadly in need of the fast rising Nile. Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN was good as a nigger *Quasimodo*, who apparently had nothing in particular to do save to murder Miss ALMA MURRAY when that popular young *tragédienne's* sottos became monotonous and required curtaining in the interests of the audience. Mr. FERNANDEZ too was useful as Chief of the Magi, and Mr. BERNARD GOULD's performance would have been more pleasing had he really died at the end of the Second Act, instead of living to see the final fall of the curtain. But this last was rather the Author's than the actor's fault. Personally I should have been better satisfied had every one died at the end of the First Act, but I confess I am a little exacting. On Wednesday, after the "principals" had been called and received more or less applause, there was a cry for the Author, when to my surprise a lady in a semi-masculine costume and seemingly in her "teens," made her way before the curtain. This was young "CLO,"—a most charming person to judge from her personal appearance. There was a further "call" when a gentleman of much maturer years was seen bowing. I do not know if he was also a "CLO,"—if so, he was unquestionably a much older "CLO"—in fact, quite an elderly "CLO." Ages ago a wonderful piece called *Nitocris* was played at Drury Lane for a few nights with moderate success. In it was represented an inundation, that, if it did not precisely resemble the waters of the rising Nile, at any rate was a capital realisation of green-coloured muslin sprinkled with spangles. I am afraid that young "CLO's" poetical play will not keep the stage much longer than its predecessor.



Full in Front.

called and received more or less applause, there was a cry for the Author, when to my surprise a lady in a semi-masculine costume and seemingly in her "teens," made her way before the curtain. This was young "CLO,"—a most charming person to judge from her personal appearance. There was a further "call" when a gentleman of much maturer years was seen bowing. I do not know if he was also a "CLO,"—if so, he was unquestionably a much older "CLO"—in fact, quite an elderly "CLO." Ages ago a wonderful piece called *Nitocris* was played at Drury Lane for a few nights with moderate success. In it was represented an inundation, that, if it did not precisely resemble the waters of the rising Nile, at any rate was a capital realisation of green-coloured muslin sprinkled with spangles. I am afraid that young "CLO's" poetical play will not keep the stage much longer than its predecessor.

It was my good fortune to be present at the opening of the Manchester Exhibition (which *Mr. Punch* very appropriately christened the "Gem of the Jubilee,") and on Thursday last I again paid it a visit with about sixty-five thousand other persons. In spite of the hurricane of the preceding Monday, the building was in an excellent condition, and the reproduction of the old part of the ancient city had weathered the storm as if it had been intended to remain for a thousand years instead of half-a-dozen months. I was much struck with the extreme good-nature of a Lancashire crowd. In the afternoon a severe shower of rain, which I fancy must have come down from Town by the 10:10 Express from Euston (a train which maintained the tradition of the L. & N. W. R. by arriving to the minute) drove all the pleasure-seekers from the grounds into the building, and for a moment there was an "ugly block." Immediately the police and the other officials organised a stream right and left, and when it was found that there were many schools amongst the sight-seers, a cry of "Make way for the children!" secured the safety of the little ones. The picture galleries were as popular as ever, and I observed that the crowd generally gathered in dense masses near the paintings with historical events as their subjects. The arrival of the Princess of WALES at Gravesend was particularly favoured, and some regret was expressed that the Benchers of the Middle Temple had required the return of the portrait by HOLL of their Royal Treasurer. The splendid display of the works of Mr. WATTS did not attract much attention, one lady observing that it was "a pity that they had not been finished," and their opposite neighbours by Mr. BURNE-JONES, were also a little above the heads (in more senses than one) of the average shilling public. But LANDSEER, MILLAIS, POYNTER and HOLMAN HUNT had thousands of earnest admirers, and there were always enthusiastic groups in front of "*The Derby Day*" and "*Ramsgate Sands*." It was delightful to walk through the galleries devoted to this unique, this magnificent collection of purely native Art, only saddened by the reflection that such an opportunity would never offer itself again. The machinery, from another point of view, was nearly as interesting. I have been present at many Exhibitions, but have never seen anything to equal the display of "works in operation." Both visitors and "hands" seemed to be equally in earnest; the first to watch, and the second to work. Then the music was excellent as, indeed, it was obliged to be to satisfy the requirements of Manchester connoisseurs, who are not to be put off with second-rate bands. Lastly, the illuminated fountains were absolutely fairy-like with their colours reflected from below the water-line. And this reminds me there was also something else fairy-like—the *table d'hôte* dinner served in the Conservatory, which seemed (with its many courses, of the daintiest proportions) to be exactly suited to the wants of *Titania* and (if he took the hint printed on the menu, and "requiring extra quantities of any of the dishes" asked for more) of the robust Oberon. The captious might certainly have objected that the dessert would have been more satisfactory had nut-crackers been supplied with the walnuts. I asked for a pair, but was told by my waiter that he could get me none. No doubt this little defect will be remedied when the contractor fulfills his intention of catering next year at the Brussels Exhibition. But this is a detail. For the rest, the Manchester celebration of the Fiftieth Year of Her Majesty's reign has been worthy of the occasion; and my second visit has fully confirmed the opinion (that was expressed in May last) that the leading town of Lancashire has produced the Gem of the Jubilee.

## JAW-HOLDING.

At the dinner of the Nottingham Mechanics' Institution, the other night, Mr. PHELPS, the American Minister, advocated the establishment of a Professorship of Silence in schools and colleges. Good! There is too much latitude given to jabberers and chatters in the present day. Politicians do nothing but prate, and the talking man nowadays has taken the place of the working man. We might begin our reform in the House of Commons. The Sergeant-at-Arms might appoint a beadle to bridle the tongues of the everlasting talkers, and an official with a large extinguisher should make them harmless after they had bored the House for five minutes.



Hold your Jaw!

To SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—"Fox the Quaker." It is not true that the birthday of this excellent man is celebrated in his native place by an annual "meet." Fox was occasionally hunted, but though a Quaker, it is not on record that he ever quaked. Our Correspondents' mistake arises probably from Fox having been a man of *pax*. But in this case his memory would be honoured by all card-players.

## **OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.**

THERE is no better form of book, providing always the print be clear and distinct, than the volume which is adapted practically in size and use to the most



Handy Vols.

nature, be replaced. Consequently only a very careful and methodical person can venture upon travelling about with one of these volumes as his pocket-companion. A little Shakespeare is a dangerous thing. And this is why the small books belonging to *Cassell's National Library*, price threepence apiece, ought to find favour in the eyes of those who can read in a cab, in a coach, in a train, or even walking. As to a man running and reading the thing's almost impossible, and whoever saw a man on horseback reading a book, except in an old print of *Doctor Syntax*? As the snail carries his shell about with him, so every Englishman can carry his own *Cassell*, and get rid of it too—which is more than the snail can—and can lose it—and can replace it for the small sum of threepence, or if secondhand (for being in limp covers they soon become "secondhand" in appearance) for considerably less. With a volume from this library carried always in the tail-pocket of his coat—the very place to carry a short tale—no one need ever be idle, and every spare moment, as long as he is wearing the coat, can be well occupied. These bits of books are our modern *Curiosities of Literature*.

Now must we forget the DICKENS series of Messrs. ROUTLEDGE, who have just brought out a dainty little edition of the *Cricket on the Hearth*. This is a lasting work got up in a lasting manner. And so whether the tale be long, or short, pointed or not, every man for a small sum, in some instances a very small sum, can be his own tale-bearer: only the tale isn't his, it is somebody else's, but his by purchase.

Among the handiest of handy books must be included the Pocket Diaries for 1888, numbered, respectively, one, two, three,—of which No. 3 is "A 1,"—brought out by JOHN WALKER & CO. of Farringdon House, and admirably adapted to all walkers, who can now bring them out for themselves every day in the new year. One novelty there is in WALKER & CO.'s division of pages, and this is that two are set apart for "Addressess"—not political ones, of course—and two others for "Visits"—(such an idea could only have struck a Walker who wanted an object for his walk)—these being subdivided into columns headed "*Name*," "*Reception Day*," "*Visit Received*," "*Visit Returned*," which in itself is quite a little manual, or *Walker's Dictionary*, of politeness. To "Cash" is devoted a great deal too much space; but, of course, if there is sufficient cash to fill it, so much the better. If we might suggest a "rider" to WALKER, it would be that, as many persons, who pay nothing else, are often most assiduous in "paying their addressess" and in "paying visits," an equal space might be given to business as represented by "Cash," and to pleasure as represented by the two other items. The pencil is a triumph of ingenuity, and the binding of No. 3 proves the truth of the old adage, that there is nothing like leather, specially when the leather is Russian.

HUMILITY.—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in its account of the consecration of Truro Cathedral, stated how—

"The Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of TRURO received the Prince of WALES at the Phillpotts porch, and conducted His Royal Highness to a footstool placed for him in the choir. Every available inch of space was crowded."

Poor Royal Highness! only a "footstool" to sit upon. He was His Royal Lowness on this occasion. If, however, for "footstool" we read "faldstool," His Royal Highness's apparently uncomfortable position becomes intelligible.

## MORE REALISM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WILL you not help us to make a stand even now against the encroachments of realism in the pronunciation of Latin? My evening paper has been full of it lately. Why, Sir, it is well known that the Britons understood the Romans, and the Romans the Britons, and if the Romans had said their repetition in the absurd foreign fashion that a few modern-side pedants advocate, is it likely that the Britons would have understood them, much less that they would have had so much respect for them as to admit their garrisons, and their Mayors, and their Corporations, and what not for four or five hundred years? And if our early ancestors had spoken Latin in this eminently unmanly un-English fashion, why should we naturally and instinctively pronounce it in our own way now, as if there were no natural piety linking the chapters of our rough island story together?

The Cambridge Augustan Johnnies (Dr. SANDYS at least, being a Johnnian, may excuse the term) set great store upon the fact that all over the Continent the language is pronounced in the foreign manner. Why, Sir, it is well known that the Norse tongue in Iceland, being incerated, has remained nearly unchanged since its introduction in the ninth century. And England is an island; therefore the Latin tongue, introduced by the Roman colonists, must have remained unchanged also. For my own part, I own I have no patience with this degradation of the hallowed traditions of our school-days to the level of language which can be got up in *Ollendorff* and fluently pattered by couriers and waiters. "Wenny, weedy, weaky." Good gracious! Is that the language of a conquering, masterful race? The matter does not admit of serious argument.

Yours, wondering what next, ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

THE LAST OF THE GO-HE-CANE.—*The Times* for November 1, in giving a list of the Masters of Foxhounds, mentioned the Rev. E. M. REYNOLDS as "the only clergyman who can append M.F.H. to his name." Of course this does not mean that no other clergymen "can" do so, or the Clergy would indeed be an uneducated set, but that the Rev. E. M. REYNOLDS is the only successor of the Rev. JACK RUSSELL who has the right to append M.F.H. to his name. How often does his pack meet? Is it *Reynolds's Weekly*? If the hounds are a trifle mixed, it may be known as *Reynolds's Miscellany*.

CAPTAIN STOKES, who peremptorily ordered Mr. O'BRIEN off to prison, seems to be the sort of a man that CHARLES DICKENS described as a "Harbitrary Beant." Quite a despotic Turk. As the Nationalists call the Castle Officials "Bashi-Bazouks," let them allude to the gallant Captain and Mazariste as "STOKES BEY."

#### INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

ties ever arrive at this  
peaceable solution — (so  
likely! — ahem! — but



International Punch.

always a Bright Dream)—then there could not be a name of better omen for a representative of British Interests than "LYON PLAYFAIR."

TRAJALGAR Square may be "the finest site in the world," but the Mob in it isn't.

## A ROW IN THE GALLERY.

WHAT does it all mean? "Pitch 'em over!" cries Sir COURTS-LINDSAY of his "salaried assistants," and perhaps Sir COURTS would like to pitch Messrs. COMYNS CARR and C. E. HALLÉ all over, and make them come out uncommonly black after the process. But apparently the "salaried assistants" have thrown over their munificent patron of the Arts, and turned themselves out. But this is "no new thing," for whenever we have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. CARR or Mr. HALLÉ, they have always been uncommonly well turned out, and not a speck on either of them. Evidently the CARR has been upset, and HALLÉ has walked off, showing himself a "Hallé Sloper." The two "salaried assistants" will not go to swell the ranks of the "Unemployed," and, in order to prevent the re-entrance of the "salaried assistants," Sir COURTS now keeps guard at the Gallery door, armed with a Pike.

SUMMARY OF THE ENDACOTT-CASS AFFAIR.—A Miss-take.



## HAVING A GOOD TIME.

Mamma. "IT'S VERY LATE, EMILY. HAS ANYBODY TAKEN YOU DOWN TO SUPPER?"  
Fair Débutante (who has a fine healthy appetite). "OH YES, MAMMA—SEVERAL PEOPLE!"

## ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

No, no! A natural alarm, but needless!  
'Tis true subversive dolts in these bad  
times

Do call on you to flourish and to feed less,  
And hint that pomp and turtle soup are  
crimes.

The sour fanatics! [their attics.  
Scribblers who'd set the world straight from  
But they will never dare—the dastards, No!—  
To stop the Lord Mayor's Show.

Your fright, my Lord, 's a pardonable error.  
The Proclamation can't apply to you.  
No one, I'm sure, can take you for a Terror,  
Red, white, or any other tint or hue.

Are you "disorderly"? [lie;  
No; you within legality's trim-kept border  
From touching you even almighty Law  
Would shrink with utter awe.

True you "perambulate the streets." What  
noddy

Objects? You do not "break into a run,"  
And as to "terrorizing" anybody,  
No one could hint at that, except in fun.

"Hooting and yelling"  
Are not your vocal habits. WARREN's belling  
The Cat of Anarchy; he'll tell you that.

You are not quite that Cat.

Its claws are showing, and they may want  
clipping,

And shindy in the streets is just a pest;  
But Law, though lately once or twice found  
tripping,

Won't interfere with the calm Civic nest.  
MATTHEWS seems heedless,

And "shoves his oar in" in a style most  
needless;

But even he would hardly raise his clutch  
The sacred Ninth to touch.

No, a good rule may have a good exception.  
You're popular, pass on! Rowdies and raff  
Need raps. Let him in civism adept, shun  
The spouter's bawling, and the Bobby's staff.

Mad mobs in Town  
Are a vile nuisance that must be put down;

But you're not a "Procession," don't you  
know,—

You are—a "Show"!

## "CHARLES OUR FRIEND."

BRAVO, Sir CHARLES WARREN! The  
roughs may consider you a Rabid Warren,  
but what does that matter to you, or to us, or  
to any lover of order, peace, and quietness in  
this vast Metropolis? You're not a weasel to  
be caught napping, and your recent Procla-

mation is admirable, if its provisions be only  
justly and exactly carried out. Your arrange-  
ments too—talking of provisions—for housing  
the houseless, seem to be remarkably judicious.

Mr. PUNCH trusts that the Processions which  
you mention, and "the wandering bands per-  
ambulating the streets," which you are going  
to consider as disorderly, will be taken to  
include those disturbers of our Sunday Quiet,  
calling themselves Members of the Salvation  
Army, who, it is to be hoped, in every district  
wherever their presence is not welcome to a  
majority of the respectable residents, will be  
summarily dispersed and their noise stopped.

On working days let perambulating bands  
come out for air and exercise, only let them  
take care that their "air" be always in tune.  
That schools and clubs should have their  
bands is an excellent thing. But there are  
six days in the week for noise, and the Sal-  
vationists can let us have our Sunday in  
peace. Mr. PUNCH is all for freedom of  
speech, and so he speaks out freely. He is  
all for the liberty of the subject, but the  
subject must remember that he is a subject,  
and Mr. PUNCH takes the liberty to remind  
him of it. At the meeting of real working  
men of business to protest against these  
meetings in Trafalgar Square, Mr. FREDERICK  
GORDON spoke up for his Metropole-itan in-  
terests in Grand style. The HOME SEC-  
RETARY, it is to be hoped, carefully pondered the  
speeches of these practical gentlemen. Mr.  
ATTENBOROUGH, too,—"O, my prophetic soul,  
my uncle!"—gave distinct evidence of the  
injury done to trade in and about Trafal-  
gar Square. The Rev. Mr. KIRRO moved a  
resolution, and Mr. BIDDULPH seconded it,

Saying ditto  
To Mr. Kirro.

And Mr. PUNCH once more expresses his hope  
that the first Act of next Session will be one  
to regulate meetings and processions in and  
about London, whereby orderly citizens may  
enjoy their rights undisturbed. Trafalgar  
Square and all our great thoroughfares should  
be "proclaimed districts," as regards the  
losers, roughs, and rowdies whose object is  
plunder, and whose end is—or, at least, should  
be—punishment.

PUNCH.



### ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

LORD MAYOR. "EH!—WHAT!—PROCESSIONS!—WHY—"

SIR C. WARREN. "OH, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MY LORD,—YOU'RE NOT A 'PROCESSION'—YOU'RE A 'SHOW.'  
YOU WON'T 'TERRORISE THE INHABITANTS'!!"

N

co  
su  
to

Li  
1  
=

Tr  
wi  
re  
ch  
tin  
so  
th  
w  
La  
th  
th  
li  
st  
se  
re  
M  
C  
sp  
G  
br  
Co

an  
of  
de  
he  
g  
al

**"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."**

*Old Friend.* "HULLO, DICK! HOW ARE YOU? I WISH YOU'D COME AND DINE WITH ME TO-NIGHT. BUT NOW YOU'RE A LORD, I SUPPOSE I MUSTN'T CALL YOU DICK ANY LONGER, OR EVEN ASK YOU TO DINNER!"

*Noble Earl (who has just come into his Title).* "LORD BE BLOWED! LEND ME A FIVER, AND YOU MAY CALL ME WHAT YOU LIKE—AND I'LL DINE WITH YOU INTO THE BARGAIN!"

**SCARLETINA AT TRURO.**

THE aesthetic Archbishop BENSON has an eye for colour. At Truro, the *Times* report says, "he wore his scarlet robe and train, which, as he moved from place to place in the Cathedral"—very restless of him, by the way—"was upborne by two little acolytes clad in scarlet cassocks and dainty surplices of lawn, and wearing tiny scarlet caps upon their heads." The Archbishop is the big scarlet, and the tiny acolytes might be called the scarletini. And to think that years ago this sudden outbreak of archiepiscopal brilliancy would have been inveighed against as trifling with the "Scarlet Lady." H.R.H. made an excellent speech on the occasion, and, with the effect of colour still in his memory, he could not resist reminding the aesthetic Dr. BENSON that "seven years and a half ago"—nothing like being exact—"he (H.R.H.) was enabled to lay the foundation stone of this Cathedral with Masonic honours." "Archbishop in scarlet, forsooth! scarlet tiny acolytes!" (such was evidently the rebuke conveyed in H.R.H.'s speech)—"you should just see Me as Most Worshipful Grand Master, with my Wardens, Deacons, Chaplains, and Tylers! Why, in comparison with that blaze of splendour, you and your scarlet are nowhere. However, Ladies and Gentlemen, I came here on this occasion, not 'to oblige BENSON,' but to visit this ancient Duchy in my popular character of Duke of CORNWALL. *Au revoir.*"

MONSIGNOR PERSICO, *Truth* says, stayed with Archbishop CROKE, and dined with the witty and popular Father JAMES HEALY, P.P. of Little Bray. Well, Monsignor Persico must have heard a great deal of croke-ing, but let us hope he has got some remedies for healing the wounds of the distressful country from Mr. Punch's good friend, Father JAMES, of Little Bray, and precious little bray about him.

**A MYSTERIOUS PAPER.**

THE near approach of Christmas, with its fireside stories, has suggested the following list of questions for examination that may be put to himself by any intending *récitateur*. As he may be sure that if he can tackle them satisfactorily he will be able effectually to enchain any family circle he may come across during the coming festive season, he may be safely recommended to go at them in all confidence:

1. What is a "spook"? Have you ever met one in society? Define "telepathy." Can you send a "telepathogram"? If so, do you think it would cost more than a halfpenny a word?

2. Write a short biographical notice of Messrs. MYERS AND GURNEY. State which of the two you would rather be, and give, if you can, your reasons for your answer.

3. Furnish a brief abstract, that must not exceed 300 pages, of their joint work, *Phantoms of the Living*. What would be the present price of the two volumes on MUDIE'S Second-hand List?

4. A certain Mr. BROWN knew a Captain JONES, who knew a Major ROBINSON, who one night sitting at Mess at a hill-station in the Central Provinces of India, thought he saw a figure on the verandah and felt a sudden dig in the side as if somebody had pushed him with his elbow. He had been mixing his wines rather freely, but turning to his neighbour, he said, "I am almost sure something has happened to my Uncle JAMES." He subsequently wrote a dozen letters to England on the subject, but could never get any answer; and to this day, though his Uncle JAMES is known to be alive and quite well, the matter remains a mystery. To what class of "inconsequent warnings" could you refer this experience?

5. At Banbury House, Buckinghamshire, a phantom omnibus full inside and out of headless passengers, drives three times round the central grass-plot on the eve of the day on which the heir orders a new dress-coat. Account for this, if you can, and compare it with the reported apparition of the famous luminous elephant said to be visible to the Laird of Glenluich whenever the amount of their butcher's-book reaches the sum of £20.

6. Detail the circumstances that are said to explain the curious conduct of the celebrated little old man in the bagwig and faded blue velvet coat, that haunts the principal guest bedchamber at Tokenhouse Manor. To what is he supposed to refer when after mournfully shaking his head three times he says, "It's the mustard that did it!" Examine this, and give some reasons to account for the fact that he invariably disappears in the linen cupboard.

7. Give the various popular versions of the secret which imparted at Rheums Castle to (1) the heir, on his attaining his majority, (2) the family butler, and (3) a select circle of intimate friends who may have chance to attend on the occasion regarding the matter as an excellent joke, instantly turns their hair white, causes them to look thirty years older, and makes them talk in whispers, and wear an expression of melancholy terror for the rest of their lives.

8. The hall of a well-known modern villa at Brixton is haunted by the spectre of a coal-heaver, who carries his head under his arm; and, whenever it is opened, he is visible on the mat, just inside the front door. Tradesmen, therefore, calling with their accounts, rush away, terror-stricken, without waiting for payment, and visitors coming to five o'clock tea are carried off in violent hysterics to the nearest chemist's. As the landlord cannot induce any bailiffs to cross the threshold, the tenant who is, notwithstanding their ghastly condition, quite cheerful on the premises, is several quarters in arrear with his rent. State, under the circumstances, what proceedings, if any, you would take to "lay" the ghost.

9. It is well known that the celebrated gallery at Bingham Place, Somersethshire, is haunted, after midnight, by the apparition of a knight in full armour, who heralds his approach by the clanking of chains and cannon-balls, and who, after flinging about the boots and hot-water cans standing at the doors of the various guest-chambers, tumbles head-over-heels down-stairs, shrieking the refrain of a thirteenth century hunting-chorus, and having thoroughly awakened everybody sleeping on the premises, finally disappears with a loud unearthly wail, in the butler's pantry. State what you think would be the probable result of waiting for the appearance of this spectre, and then suddenly hitting it hard over the knees with a cricket-bat.

10. Give the story of the well-known "haunted house" in Belgrave Square. How would the unconscious tenant who had taken it furnished be likely to account for the punctual appearance, at half-past nine every evening, among his guests in the back drawing-room, of the eyeless baronet, in a dressing-gown, dragging the two elderly females by the hair of their heads about in a deadly struggle, and, after continuing it for three-quarters of an hour, ultimately vanishing, as if exhausted, apparently into the grand piano? Would you advise him to take his guests into his confidence, and apologise for the intrusion, or pretend to notice nothing unusual in the phenomenon, and simply ignore it? Examine the situation, and conclude your paper by dealing with it in the shape of a short essay on "the position of the Ghost considered in relation to Society."



## "LUXURY."

(According to the Latest Edition of "Knight Thoughts.")

*Alderman (to his Guest, after a good dinner). "ELP Y'SHELF! RECOLLEC' EVERY BO'LE O' CHAMPAGNE WE DRINK, PROV'ISH EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WORKIN' CLASSEHSH!!"*

## VOCES POPULI.

*SCHER—The Thames Embankment. Crowd discovered, waiting for Lord Mayor's Show.*

*Female Pleasure-seeker (whose temper is apt to be a little uncertain on these occasions, to her husband). "We ought to have started at least an hour earlier—just look at the number of people here already! You would dawdle—and it wasn't for want of speaking to, I'm sure!"*

*Her Husband (mildly). It certainly was not. Only, as the Show can't possibly pass for two hours, at least—*

*She. Two hours! Am I to stand about in this crowd all that time? He (with a feeble jocularity). Unless you prefer to climb a tree.*

*She. Then, John, all I can say is, I wish I had stayed at home! (John murmurs a silent, but fervent assent.)*

*A Practical Pleasure-seeker. Now I tell you what we'll do, MARIA—you take WETTE, and keep close to me, and I'll look after DUGGIE, and we'll just stroll comfortably up and down till the very last minute, and drop comfortably into front places, and there we are!*

*Patriotic P. What I like about occasions like this, is the spectacle of a thoroughly good-humoured, well-behaved British crowd—you don't see that on the Continent, y'know!*

*More Patriotic P. (thoughtfully). No, that's perfectly true; and what I say is—we don't want all these police about. Trust more to the general spirit of decency and order—let the people feel they are trusted!*

*A Socialist. Ah, you're right. Did you hear what one of the Orators said in the Square the other afternoon? He told 'em Sir CHARLES would 'ave to be as wide awake as what he was 'imself, to prevent a Unemployed Demonstration to-day. "Let him remember," says he, "it's in our power to do that within arf a mile of the Mansion House, which would make the 'ole civilised world ring with 'orrer," he says. And it's men like that as they're trying to silence and intimidate!*

*The P. P.'s (edging away a little nervously, to one another). Well, I hope the Police are keeping a sharp look-out. I—I don't seem to see so many about as usual, eh?*

*A Speculator (with two tubs and a board) to Female P. 'Ere you are, lydy, hony two shillin' fur a fust-rate stand—you won't see no better if you was to pay a surving!*

*Female P. You may say what you like, but I'm not going to tramp about any longer, and if you're so mean as to grudge two shillings—why, I can pay for myself!*

## AT HAWARDEN.

"Mr. GLADSTONE gave Earl SPENCER and Earl GRANVILLE a specimen of his skill with the axe yesterday. With Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE to assist him, the Right Honourable gentleman, stripped to his waist, attacked a tree in most vigorous fashion!"—*Times*, Nov. 4.

SAID SPENCER to GRANVILLE,

"Like strokes on an anvil."

Said GRANVILLE to SPENCER,

"He'll catch influenza."

Young HERBERT, brow mopping,

Cried, "Letter from Dopping!"

Growled GLADSTONE, not stopping

In shopping, "Blow Dopping!"

And so went on lopping.

**REFUSAL TO PAY A LEVY IN IRELAND.**  
—This was what Mrs. RAM saw as the heading of a paragraph in an evening paper. "Well," said the good lady, "if they won't pay a LEVY, why not send a MOSES, and see if he will get it?"

## The Plentiful Lac.

[The Rajah of Kupurhala, emulating the Nizam, has offered five lac towards the defence of the frontiers of India.]

THE LANREATE, patriot of sense,  
Written with a pungent pen  
Of "That eternal lack of pence  
Which vexeth public men."  
But India's public men, with pride,  
In Princes such as these,  
Will find their "lack of pence" supplied  
By—a lac of rupees!

Hush. Oh, hang it—get up if you want to!

*The Practical P. Well, MARIA, it's no use worrying now—we must go and ask at the Police-Station afterwards—it was a mistake to bring them!*

*The Patriotic P. Of course one is told there's a good deal of rough horse-play on these occasions, but anything more entirely—*

*[A "larrakin" comes up behind and "bashes" his hat in; a string of playful youths seize each other by the waist and rush in single file through crowd, upsetting everybody in their way: both the Patriotic Pleasure-seekers go home by the Underground, without waiting for the Procession.*

*The Female P. (on the stand). JOHN, I'm sure this board isn't safe. We should see ever so much better on one of those carts—they're only asking sixpence, JOHN. You are the worst person to come out with—you never give yourself the smallest trouble—I have to do it all! You can stop here if you choose, I'm going to get into one of those carts! [She and JOHN descend, and mount upon a coal-cart which is being driven slowly along the route.*

*Later: Procession approaching, distant music.*

*Crowd (jumping up and down like "skip-jacks" to see better). 'Ere they are, they're coming!*

*[The way is cleared by trotting mounted Constables.*

*Stout Lady. Well, if I wanted to faint ever so, I couldn't now—where are you, my dear?*

*Another Stout Lady (cheerfully). I'm all right, Mrs. PORTER, Mum. I've got tight 'old of this nice young Periloman's belt—don't you fret yourself about me!*

*Experienced Sightseer (catching hold of little DUGGIE and placing him in front, then pushing forward). Make room for this little boy, will you, please, I want him to see.*

*Crowd good-naturedly make way, affording unimpeded view of Procession to DUGGIE—and the Experienced Sightseer, who troubles himself no further.*

*A Superior Sightseer. To think of the traffic of the first city in the world being stopped for this contemptible tomfoolery!*

*[Fights hard for a front place.*

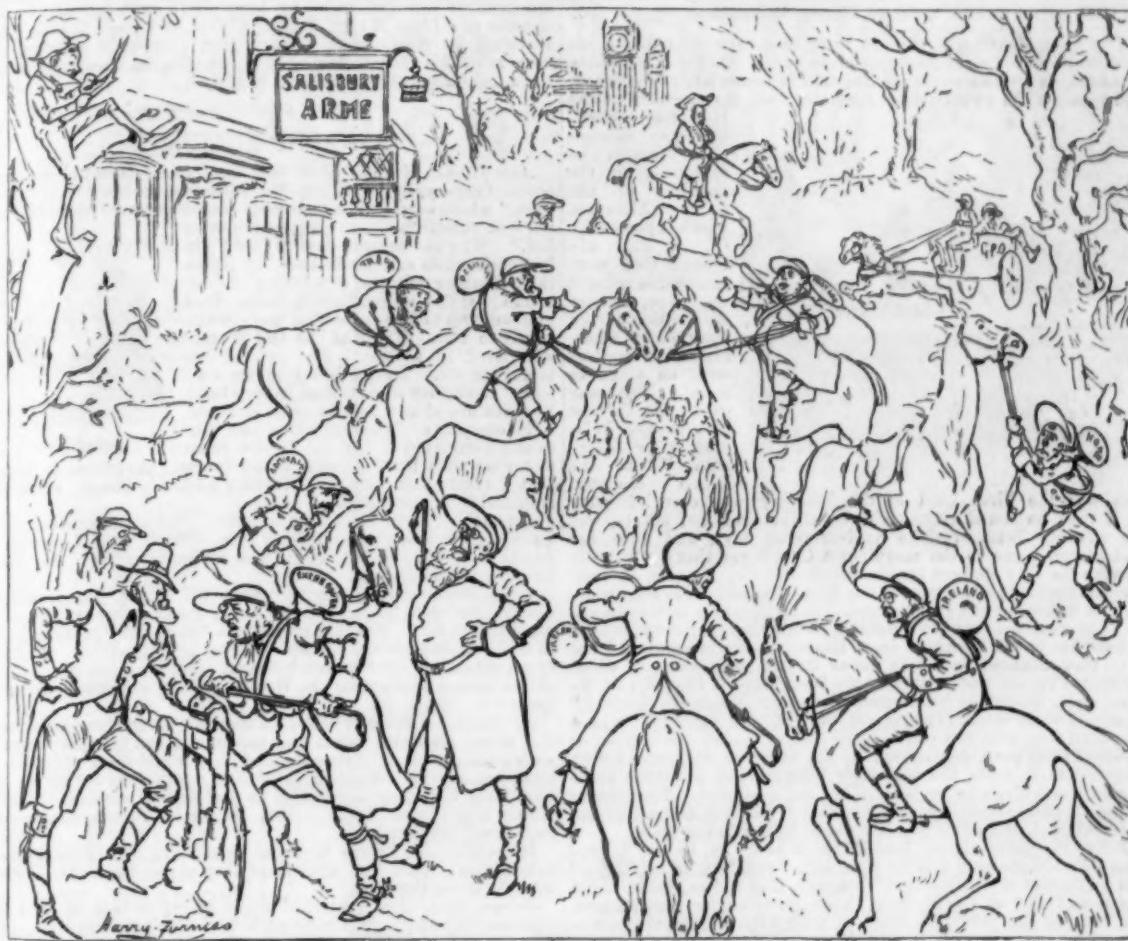
*Procession passing.*

*Impudent Female (to gorgeous Coachman). 'Ow you 'ave altered! Well-Informed Person (pointing out City Marshal). That's Sir CHARLES, that is!*

*Unemployed (smarting with sense of recent wrongs). Yah, tyrant!*

*[The C. M. beams with gratification.*

## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 53.



## THE FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON.

*Open carriages pass, containing Aldermen in tall hats and fur-coats.*

*Critical Crowd. Brush yer 'sts! There's a nose! Oh, ain't he bin 'avin' a go at the sherry afore he started, neither! 'Ere comes old "Sir BEN"—that's 'im in the white pot at!*

*[They cheer Sir BEN—without, however, any clear notion why.*

*Allegorical Cars pass.*

*Crowd. Don't they look chilly up there! 'Old on to your globe, Sir! Don't ketch cold in them tights, Miss! They've run up agin somethink, that lot 'ave. See where it's all bent in—eh?*

*Lord Mayor's Coach passes.*

*Crowd. 'Ooray! That's 'im with the muff on. No, it ain't, yer soft 'ed! It's 'im in the feathered 'at a-layin' back. Whoy don't yer let 'im set on yer lap, Guv'nor? &c., &c.*

*A block. Lady Mayoress's Coach stopping.*

*Crowd. There's dresses! They must ha' cost a tidy penny! Agitator. Wrung out of the pockets of the poor working-man! I'd dress 'em, I would! Why should sech as you and me keep the likes of them in laziness? If we 'ad our rights, it's us as 'ud be riding in their places!*

*Artisan (after a glance at him). Dunno as the Show'd be much the prettier to look at for that, mate.*

*After the Procession.*

*Practical Pleasure-soeker (who has been pushed into a back row, and seen nothing but the banners, to DUGGIN and WENTWEE, miraculously recovered). Thank Heaven, they're found! Children, let this be a lesson to you in future never to — What? Seen the Show beauti-*

*fully, have you? (Boiling over.) Oh, very well—wait till I get you home!*

*The Female P. Now, don't say another word, JOHN,—anyone but an idiot would have known that that cart would be turned down a back-street! If I hadn't insisted on getting out when I did, we should have missed the Show altogether. Policeman, is the Show ever coming? Shall we get a good view from here?*

*Policeman. Capital view, Mum—if you don't mind waiting till next November!* [Tableau. Curtain.

## The Ingratitude of Grandolph.

MANY terrible things have our patriots seen;  
They have seen their dear DIZZY extending the suffrage,  
And versatile GLADSTONE a-wearing the Green,  
And HARCOURT defending Home Rule and the rough-rage;  
And Disintegration approaching our realm,  
And Rads—so they fancy—inviting invaders;  
But that which their souls must with woe most o'erwhelm  
Is—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL a-shaffing Fair Traders!

"'JAM' satis," as our Schoolmaster had just breath enough to murmur when he escaped from out of the midst of a Socialist Meeting in Trafalgar Square.

UNFORTUNATELY, the great enemy of the Teetotal Temperance Societies is—the British "Public."

**MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.**  
(A Contribution towards a Future History, by Macaulay Stiggins, C.C.)

THE LORD MAYOR was the first Privy Councillor created, and has remained so ever since that auspicious event. On the death of the Monarch, he presides at the meeting that is immediately summoned, and appoints the new Cabinet, generally from the members of the

late Government, but on one memorable occasion he appointed all the members of the Court of Aldermen who had passed the Chair, and although they were afterwards induced to resign, it was noticed that during their short administration matters went on much as usual. This was called the Cabinet of Absolute Wisdom, after Alderman Wood, the Prime Minister,

who was the First Lord of the Treasury who ever left more in it than he found there. His beautiful daughter, MARIA, was the reigning Toast of those hard-drinking days, and gave her well-known name to the magnificent City Barge that periodically conveys the City Fathers, together with the City Mothers, on their several important inspections of the Silver Thames, in the neighbourhood of Richmond and Twickenham. The matters they have to discuss on these occasions are of so weighty a nature that they are compelled to have five or six horses to draw them. On one occasion, and one only, they managed to get as far as Oxford, an account of which celebrated voyage was written by the Lord Mayor's Chaplain of the time, under the title of "Alderman WENABLES' Voyage to Oxford," a copy of which is still preserved in the Bodleian, among their most cherished treasures, and can only be seen on special application, as fabulous sums have been offered by the Court of Aldermen for its destruction, it being the only copy that escaped when the whole edition was ordered to be bought up and destroyed. This unique volume is said to contain such astounding revelations as must be seen to be believed, and would possibly not be believed even then.

Before the newly-elected Lord Mayor is sworn in, he has to produce a Certificate from a Wine Merchant, "residende in ye Citye," and a Freeman of the Vintners' Company, that he has placed in the capacious Cellar at the Mansion House, provided for that purpose, ten Tuns, or one thousand dozen of good wine, for the year's consumption, and whatever is left, if any, is distributed among the Royal Hospitals, the quantity being carefully recorded by the learned Recorder, which record is placed under the control of the equally learned Comptroller, and remains for all time, as a witness to the liberality or stinginess of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of that particular year.

The Sheriffs are the most ancient officers of the Corporation, having been first elected in the reign of King NEBUCHADNEZZAR. A singular custom still prevails, originating, it is said, in their association with the grass-eating monarch. They are entitled, by virtue of their office, to the first six bundles of sparrow-grass—as it was originally spelt, and is still called by Members of the Corporation—that are brought into Covent Garden Market: and his Grace the Duke of BEDFORD is always courteously invited to partake of it, at a sumptuous banquet called "the Grass Festival." (Vide *Stow*, cap. 23 of *BELL's ed.*)

The City Marshal was formerly a personage of great importance, being in fact of the same rank as a Field Marshal, the only difference being that one acted in the City and the other in the Field, whence their names. The City Marshal was the City Champion, and always rode into Guildhall, fully armed, on Lord Mayor's Day, at the commencement of the Banquet, and, throwing down a glove, dared anyone to mortal combat who disputed the rights of the Lord Mayor. If no one accepted his challenge, he quaffed a flagon of sack to his Lordship's health, and then cleverly and gracefully backed out of the Hall. It is recorded that on one occasion his challenge was accepted by a gallant Common Councilman who had been fulfilling the important duties of Wine-taster, and who, when called upon to name time and place for the deadly encounter, said, in the memorable words of the great ALFRED, "Here and now!" which so astonished the Champion that he pleaded sudden indisposition, and withdrew. The custom has since been discontinued. The gallant Common Councilman was made Deputy of the Ward of Port-soken.

In ancient times the LORD MAYOR as every one knows, had a Fool all to himself, and he was the only Fool permitted in the City. The appointment was open to all by competitive examination. On the occasion of a LORD MAYOR making a Fool of himself the office was abolished by the Common Council from motives of economy. In memory of this ancient privilege the LORD MAYOR once in the season has a fool—a gooseberry fool—all to himself.



### A NAPPY HOLIDAY.

*Any Time in August.*—Just been reading capital article in *Nineteenth Century*, by Dr. JAMES MUIR HOWIE, on the "Nerve Rest-Cure," which says—"For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is an occasional day in bed." Why not several days in bed? In fact one's whole summer holiday? "Better than climbing toilsome mountains," he remarks. Quite so—and much better than toilsome trip to Ramsgate with one's whole family in tow. (Think of the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. She had all her family in *toe*. Laugh feebly at my own joke. Really my nerves must be *very* bad.) Best feature of new holiday plan, however, is its *cheapness*. Was quite at a loss how to afford our annual trip till HOWIE came to rescue with his "(y)early to bed" cure. Announce to family that I intend following Dr. HOWIE's advice. Family seems too stupefied to say anything.

*Evening.*—Family has found its voice. Protests unanimously and quite fiercely against new holiday plan. Wife "sure I can afford trip to sea-side?" If not, where does my money go to? Argument forcible, but unpleasant.

*First Day.*—Holiday begins. Sleep till 11 A.M. Scrumptious! Should have slept longer, but two hurdy-gurdies stop outside, playing different airs. Not only murder the tunes, but "murder sleep" as well. Listen for ten minutes—nerves terribly shaky. Ought to get out of bed, HOWIE says, but must. See my eldest boy, HENRY, giving Italian fiends money! What does this unwonted generosity mean?

*Afternoon.*—Dinner in bed not a success. Everything underdone. Tell wife. She says, "Cook and servants in bad tempers; thought we were all going to Ramsgate, and they would have rest." Rest means clandestine kitchen parties. Feel angry—bad for nerves, but can't help it. Sleep impossible, as bed full of crumbs. Wonder HOWIE didn't think of this. Send HENRY for evening paper—perhaps it will soothe me.

It doesn't. He brings back one three days old. Says shopman gave it him! Send him again, and shop closed for night. Nerves actually *worse than ever*.

*Second Day.*—Had disturbed night, owing to lack of my usual exercise yesterday. Still must stick to HOWIE's prescription. Terrible row in house. Wife comes up after breakfast (in tears) to say children, deprived of sea-side trip, are ungovernable; pretend to be buffaloes and Cowboys in *drawing-room!* Already two valuable vases wrecked. Hang the children! Hang Colonel CODY too! Still even paying for new vases cheaper than Ramsgate lodgings. Read morning paper. Just dropping off to sleep over somebody's important speech on Ireland, when—

Three hurdy-gurdies outside! Rush to window, open it, and bid men avaunt. They won't avaunt. Say "they've been ordered to come every morning for a month by the young gent." This must be HENRY's "Plan of Campaign." Send for him, and find he has prudently gone out. Nothing for it but to stuff cotton-wool into ears till men go. Cotton-wool in ears for a whole hour *shatters* nerves.

*Third Day.*—Much worse. Though I've given strict orders that no letters or bills are to be sent up to my bed-room, find Tax-Collector's little "Demand-Note" wrapped in fold of morning paper! Annoyed. Perhaps, after all, HOWIE wrong. Hullo! what's that? Somebody on my window-sill! Burglars? No, can't be. How bad all this is for my nerves. Spring up in time to see HENRY disappearing down rope-ladder, which he and his brothers have let down from roof. How horribly dangerous! Ring violently. Hear heavy thud in garden. Talk of "Nerve Rest-Cure"—rest of my nerves gone long ago, none left to be cured.

Wife (in tears again—awfully bad for nerves this) says the thud was not HENRY falling; boys have pulled down part of chimney, which has smashed the front steps—that's all. She suggests that perhaps, after all, this holiday plan in bed is not so good as—

*Five hurdy-gurdies* to-day! Maddening! Hired by HENRY, wife says. Send him to bed for whole day; we'll see how he likes "Rest-Cure" for his nerves. Get up gloomily, dress, and go downstairs. Pitch *Nineteenth Century* into waste-paper basket. Feed nerves better after it. Decide on Ramsgate, as usual, and so ends my holiday in bed—my "Sleepy Hollow" day!



Going Nap.



The GOLD MEDAL  
of the  
International Health  
Exhibition, London,  
has been awarded for  
this Food;  
and it is recommended  
by the LANCET  
and the  
entire Medical Press.

FOR INFANTS.



CHILDREN, and INVALIDS.

EXTRACT from PRIVATE  
LETTER.—"The infant was  
ordered your Food. The result is  
a short time was wonderful; the  
little fellow grew strong and fat,  
and is now in a thriving condition;  
—in fact, the brawn of the family."  
BENGER'S FOOD is sold in the  
UK, Ireland, &c., and elsewhere, or by  
Parcels Post (Postage Free) from  
MOTTSHEAD & CO.,  
MANCHESTER.

**THE  
'MITRE'  
LOZENGE**



"I never experienced so much benefit."  
CANON LESTER.  
"I think them excellent."  
GEO. GROSSMITH.

FOR  
**COUCHS, THROAT, & VOICE.**

Contains no Opiate.  
Pleasant to the Taste.  
ALL CHEMISTS, 1s. 1d.  
MADE FOR J. & G. HAWKER BY  
ALLEN & HANBURY'S, LONDON.

By Special Royal Appointment.  
**SPEARMAN'S  
DEVON SERGES**

According to the Queen,  
"It has no rival."

Thousands of Customers testify that no other article woven equals this in general utility. For Ladies' Dresses, beautiful qualities, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. the yard. For Children's wear, especially children's stockings, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. the yard. For Gentlemen's wear, double width, 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. the yard. The Navy Blues and the Blacks are fast dye. On receipt of instructions, samples will be sent POST FREE. N.B.—Any length cut, and Carriage Paid to principal Railway Stations. Goods packed for Export.

BUY DIRECT OF  
**SPEARMAN & SPEARMAN**, Plymouth.  
Only Address. NO AGENTS.

**Allen & Hanbury's  
Castor Oil**

Tasteless. Pure. Active.  
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/-, 1/2 & 3/-.

USED by HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.  
*Gold Medals and Diplomas of Merit at all Exhibitions.*

**Needham's  
Polishing  
Paste**

  
DAZZLING  
MIRROR  
FINISH.  
INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS,  
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, SHEFFIELD.  
LONDON OFFICE: ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

Always  
ask for

**GUARANTEED  
PURE & SOLUBLE.**

**Cadbury's  
Cocoa** (REGISTERED)



**Pears' Soap**



I have found it  
matchless for the  
hands and complexion

*Eleanor Potts*

Since using Pears'  
Soap I have discarded  
all others.

*Mrs. Langtry*

For preserving the Complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the finest Soap in the world

*Mr. Fortune*